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DID you ever stop to think what personality meant? Did you ever stop to think what made up the personality of the men that you meet? For instance, you see a man walking along the street. As he walks he plants his heels down firmly, as if he were driving stakes with them. His head is up, his arms are swinging free, and as he walks his eyes rove from side to side of the street, darting a glance here and there. There is no mistaking that type of man, he is alive, he is seeing things constantly—nothing escapes him. If you make a proposition to that man, he doesn't take it under consideration for a month. More than likely he will tell you in fifteen minutes whether he will take it or not, and it may be fifteen seconds. If he is not sure about it, he will say: "Come back to-morrow, or in a week. As soon as I can make proper inquiries, I will let you know." That man is business from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. In other words he is a man of action.

Another man passes you on the street. As he shuffles along, he drags his feet, putting them down flat, the sole and heel at one time. If you look at his shoes, you will find the toes of them

The Type
Personality
of an
Advertisement

*E. St. Elmo
Lewis.*

worn out before the heels. Probably he loiters along. He may be very neatly dressed and pay a great deal of attention to the little things. His life is narrow, contracted—he moves in a rut and a groove. Other people make laws for him to live by. He keeps so busy keeping up the appearance of gentility that he forgets to be a man.

The first man has magnetism and attracts you. The first man will master ten, yes hundreds, and possibly thousands, of the sort of men that the second man is. The second man will never know why it is that the other kind of a man gets the better salary, wields the greater influence, and when he dies leaves upon the face of things the indelible impress of his power.

The second man drops out of existence—a few tears are shed by his immediate family—he leaves no void because in nine cases out of ten he was nothing but a cipher occupying space, and when he dies it is simply the rubbing out of the rim of the cipher.

These are two extremes of personality. Between these two extremes are an infinite number of gradations and differences. Each gradation exercises its influence, negative or positive, upon men and things.

The man who has lived, who has seen things and understood them, who has heard things and known them, and who has been things and lived them, speaks out of the fullness of his own personal experience. He attracts, convinces and carries an audience with him, and so it is in advertising. It is the man who speaks powerfully who makes the powerful impression. By power I do not mean the loudness of his voice, the greatness of his adjectives or the amount of his words; but I mean the man who has the capacity to think a distinct thought, say it in words which distinctly convey that thought, and dresses his thought in

such a personality that it makes a distinct impression.

What is type?

Type is simply a medium of expression.

When taken in conjunction with ink and paper, it completes the medium by which you convey a written thought to another mind.

Suppose you want to say the word "Halt!" in type. You must say it loudly, you must enunciate it clearly. You will first put it in large and black type, because large black type is emphasis, provided the rest of the type that surrounds the word is not the same size and is not as black. You want to enunciate clearly, therefore you must put it in a face of type that is clean and distinct.

This is a matter that a great many people fail to understand. To set a word or phrase to which you wish to attract people's attention in type that while large and black, is hard to read, is like a man yelling a word at the top of his voice so indistinct in his enunciation that you cannot understand what he says. It doesn't matter how loud you shriek a word, if people can't understand what you say you might as well save your voice; therefore, you want plain, distinct type in all the advertisements you set up, because it is common sense to believe that people will read something easy to read more quickly than they will read something hard to read. The same law applies here as applies in every other part of advertising. You must make it easy for people to do what you want them to do.

People like to be mastered. The world is looking for its master constantly, and the man who masters it is the man who knows it best. The advertiser must be master of his trade, and the better he knows people the more he will use that knowledge to master them—to compel them to trade with him. Therefore, when you appeal

to people, appealing to the particular kind of people to whom you wish to appeal, you must understand their limit of artistic and intelligent appreciation.

For instance, I see a man's advertisement printed in large display lines, big black lines of capital letters—every other word emphasized by either black-faced type or italic. He brings out in bold relief the prices. I know at once that that man appeals to people who have very little discrimination. He is like the fakir of the country fair—everything that he sells is the best—everything that he sells is the cheapest—everything that he sells is below cost. He is not talking to the thinking, intelligent and discriminating class of the public. He is talking, however, to the man and woman who, having little money, try to get the most for that money, but after all will always buy the cheapest. He is appealing to the class who live from hand to mouth, who can't afford to look ahead. His advertisements show these facts plainly.

When a man has a family of six besides himself to support on \$10.00 a week, he buys shoes at 98c. a pair, which he thinks will last as long as another 98c. pair, but his limit is one of price, and he gets the best he can for that particular amount.

On the other hand, I see the advertisement of a merchant whose type display is plain. He makes one point in his display lines, sets his advertisement so that it is easily read. There is an air of refinement about it because he has a singleness of purpose in it. He is not trying to strike everybody who reads that paper, but he has a certain fixed idea in each advertisement. He knows that the certain kind of man or woman he is going to reach is one who wants truth and quality and candor; therefore, he keeps his black display lines down to almost nothing.

He doesn't appear over-anxious about it. He knows that to educate the quality-loving public, he must advertise for a long time—that it is a slow process, but in the end he knows he will get the trade, because the class of people to whom he appeals will read some of his advertisements all the time.

Go into a high grade store and you will note that the clerks and salesmen never betray an anxiety to sell.

Go into a store that appeals to a lower grade of customers and you will note that the salesmen follow you around, asking you to buy, trying to convince you and arguing with you that you ought to buy—because it is cheap, “the greatest bargain of the day.”

These two attitudes are displayed in the relative advertising of these two stores. In the first there are few, if any, display lines, because display is nothing but insistence and emphasis, and insistence and emphasis are always the mark of anxiety. The cool, calm way of doing business which is one of the distinguishing traits of the first store is displayed in the lack of display lines and the lack, therefore, of emphasis.

Each line of advertising has its use because it reflects the kind of a particular store which it represents, and each store has its certain kind of trade.

You will find that between these two extremes in advertising taste, just as between the two types of men that I spoke of in the fore part of this lecture, there are hundreds of combinations of these two principles, and it will be your duty as an advertising man to carefully study the particular people to whom you are appealing. You must remember one thing, when you appeal to people to whom price is the main point (and I must tell you now that price is the great lever by which you

will get the big returns), that you are appealing to what might be fittingly termed the grosser instincts of trade, and therefore you want to bring out price bold and sharp—you want to drive it home with big display, comparatively speaking, but when quality comes, it is the refinement of business to be able to make quality the cornerstone of your success. You are appealing to a refined class of people; you must appeal to them in a refined way.

There are several little points that betray an advertiser. For instance, an advertiser uses what is known as a condensed face of type. This is poor policy. It stands to reason that a letter is readable when it has width instead of height.

A condensed letter takes up less space across the column though it may be the same height as the ordinary letter of the same size. Now, given a letter, we will say, that is an inch high and a half inch wide—that is very easy to read. Take the same kind of a letter, or as we call it in typography, the same “face” of a letter, and make it a quarter of an inch wide and an inch high and the lines of the letter are less distinct to the eye. A great many advertisers, however, have fallen into the habit of using a condensed letter because it saves space. Of a letter that is an inch high and a half inch wide, you can get but five letters across the column. The advertiser, reasoning this out, says: “Inasmuch as I have to pay for the space down the column I will put my advertisements in condensed type and I can get bigger letters in the space, because I can get more of them on a line,” but he has made the advertisement harder to read. That advertiser advertises, not his liberality, but his meanness, in using space. You would say of a man who put up a house eight stories high and one room deep that he hadn’t good sense, wouldn’t you, because he tried to

make a "big front," as the boys say. If that man put up a house two stories high and four rooms deep, you would say that he was more substantial and he deserved more faith and confidence.

Do not advertise yourself by your economies. Be plain and open and above board in statement, and the man who puts advertisement in type which is easy to read, plain and open, obtains credit for frankness in the minds of his readers.

You must understand that while people do not reason these things out as you and I are doing, at the same time the feeling is there, and it is these little things we are talking about now that are suggested to the minds of readers and govern their beliefs and prejudices without their knowing the reason.

It is not necessary for a man to know how to play the piano or the violin, or any other musical instrument for that matter, in order for him to thoroughly enjoy it and in many ways be a capable critic, so it is not necessary for a man to be able to give you the technical reason for a thing when he is governed by the feeling suggested by what you do.

Some advertisements impress you as being hard and cold and stiff, because they are laid out just so. There is none of the lack of precision of human nature in the way they are laid out. You see here a little box and there a little box, both the same size, and the man writes the advertisement and puts so many words in this box and so many in that. He is not trying to say all about each one but he just gives a little thought about each one. Never lay out an advertisement like that. Say what you have got to say and then fix the space about it afterward. Tell your story, exhaust that point, and if it takes more space than to exhaust the point about another article, why, give to each article what is necessary to give it.

Now, there is not in the highest grade of business but one personality that appeals to the highest grade of trade. You must remember that Rembrandt, Corot, Millais and Rousseau were all great painters. They all painted in a different way and they all appealed to lovers of art, but they were all different. So when I tell you there is a personality in type, I do not mean that you must never use but one face of type or one method of display, but there are certain canons of accepted artistic display appealing to certain kinds of people that you must always follow. There are hundreds of different faces of type and there are thousands of combinations of these faces, and it is this very possibility that calls for the exercise of great discretion and the expression of good taste in handling them. I give you a few simple rules to follow relative to display, laid down by Mr. Theodore L. DeVinne, head of the great DeVinne Press of New York, printers of the Century Magazine and of the Century Dictionary, and probably the highest authority on printing in America. These few points were laid down by Mr. DeVinne in an address delivered to advertising men and printers:

The object of an advertisement is to be read. Every other consideration should give way to this. An advertisement may be set up in faultless manner and yet be so monotonous that it will not attract any more attention than one grain of rice among thousands of other grains about it. How, then, can an advertiser attract this attention?

First. His type must be plain. Ornamented or obscure type must be rigidly excluded.

Second. The style should be plain. Fantastic methods, such as are shown in curved, diagonal and perpendicular lines, are of doubtful value. Now and then one may make a hit by some audacious arrangement, but where one succeeds

ten fail. Some very good advertisements are made by calling attention to the subject by displaying some inconsequential word which arrests attention and leads the reader to examine the whole paragraph. But this is also a difficult style to manage; a failure makes the advertiser ridiculous, and really defeats his purpose.

Engravings or process cuts, in the hands of a skilful designer, can make very attractive advertisements. The success of such an advertisement depends largely on the invention of the designer; if he is really inventive, he can make an advertisement more attractive than can ever be done by type. If he is not inventive, if he draws badly, then his engraving is not as good as a composition in type.

The quality of engraving must be adapted to the quality of the printing. The outline style can be printed well on any kind of paper, or with any kind of ink. To order for an advertisement a finished engraving with many graduated tints of light and shade is to throw money away to no purpose. It cannot be well printed on the ordinary news paper. All engravings should be cut or etched with deep counters. If extra care is not given by the photoengraver to a deep routing out of counters, and to a cleaning up of lines, the best open engraving will be marred in printing by muddy spots.

Another point: All engravings made for any press which stereotypes or electrotypes its forms should be on solid metal bodies. The wood body, which is barely good enough for letterpress work, cannot be used at all under an electrotyper's moulding press with any hope of making a good plate for a newspaper. In a stereotyped form, the extra cost of the metal body will be more than repaid in the improvement of the appearance of presswork.

The art of displaying types is not to be taught in one or even a dozen lessons. The novice will get the skill he wants largely from the study of his own failures and those of other compositors. These hints may be of value; the same rule which forbids the use of ornamented type should also shut out extra condensed type. Many a display line of long words is often crowded in one obscure extra condensed line, when it would be more readable in two lines, which will occupy no more space on the paper.

Too many faces of type are used in miscellaneous display. If one has a thoroughly well-graded assortment of different sizes and different widths of Gothic, running from pearl to four-line, with appropriate lower case, he has enough to make effective display. If the compositor is equipped with a full series of this face he has no need of Antique, Titles, Clarendon, or any other plain face. The greater variety of faces he puts on a page, the worse he makes that page look. If he does not like Gothic, let him use Antique or Clarendon, or any other form of letter; but having selected one style, let him stick to it. He will find that his customers, however much they may object in the beginning to this simplicity of style, will ultimately like it better than the use of mixed styles.

Borders judiciously used are a grace, but these borders must be plain, black and white, and not too fine. The gray-tinted and profusely ornamented borders with which our specimen books abound are very unsuitable for advertisements.

Signs and emblems can be very effectively used; the simpler they are, the better. Here, again, one can find but little of value in the specimen book. The more striking ones can be made by an engraver in a very few minutes. The bold-face section mark or paragraph mark, an ivy leaf, a shamrock leaf, or any simpler form in this

style can be effectively cut by any clever stereotype finisher.

What Mr. DeVinne says about display in newspaper and magazine advertisements apply as general rules to the display in booklets, catalogues and folders, and any other printed matter. Above all things, study simplicity. If I were you, when it comes to displaying newspaper advertisements, I should insist upon having a distinct face of type, and different from all other advertisers in the paper. It will pay you to buy this type for your own use. Use it in the booklets, catalogues and folders that you issue. Make it plain and simple, and your advertisements will be read, and they will have that distinct personality which arises from the distinctive quality of the type you use.

* * *

IN handling men, your own feelings are the only ones that are of no importance. I don't mean by this that you want to sacrifice your self-respect, but you must keep in mind that the bigger the position the broader the man must be to fill it. And a diet of courtesy and consideration gives girth to a boss.

* * *

NEVER learn anything about your men except from themselves. A good manager needs no detectives, and the fellow who can't read human nature can't manage it.

* * *

WHILE Eve was learning the first principles of dressmaking from the snake, Adam was off bass-fishing and keeping his end up by learning how to lie.

* * *

NO man can ask more than he gives. A fellow who can't take orders can't give them.

**Newspaper
Advertising
in Canada.**

*E. S. Deans,
Manager
Promotion
Department,
Evening
Telegram,
Toronto.*

ADVERTISING is the biggest subject in Canada, outside of religion and politics. The biggest in the business world anyway. Big as the subject is, the newspaper part of it is almost the whole thing, the rest being small pieces, since billboards, street cars and trade journals are classed as auxiliary mediums.

Canadian newspaper advertising was pretty young ten years ago, and has changed so greatly since it went to school and learned so much from the multiplying teachers and experts, creators and real thinkers in the school of advertising, that one would hardly recognize it now.

Ten years ago 12 to 14 pages was a good sized Saturday's paper. Some papers like the evening Telegram and News, in Toronto, were content with four pages five days in the week and eight pages on Saturday. You often heard the expression: "I don't believe in advertising." It would be hard for anyone to believe in much of the advertising that was then being produced. The man who would say that he does not believe in advertising to-day is as hard to find as the man who does not believe the world is round. Only a few firms believed in it ten years ago, or were producing advertising that could be expected to bring results. Newspaper circulations were smaller, readers were fewer and not so well educated to read advertisements. It was not until the big advertisements and "bargain" advertisements were made a feature by departmental stores that the public woke up to the fact that it was worth while to read advertisements. The 100 line advertisement, ten years ago, was good sized copy for ordinary occasions. Pages and half-pages were rare and were used to mark special bursts of business enthusiasm. It is sad to say that many of these advertisements were empty bubbles blown out of fast growing busi-

nesses with big profits. For example, the bicycle business, good mining promotion schemes, etc. But the regular trader, the everyday staple-goods business man, had not learned the value of advertising. It was an idea that was developed by demonstration more than anything else. One or two departmental stores in Toronto and Montreal were induced by competition to work up big bargain advertisements, the public got interested in the money saving opportunities and became constant readers of newspaper advertisements. Instead of newspapers being merely men's papers, they rapidly became the daily diet of every wide-awake woman. The increasing perusal of advertisements by women brought about an unprecedented profitableness in advertising, and the value of space was demonstrated. This same history repeated itself in all the cities of Canada.

The proved value of space and its cost led to the scientific study of making it pay to the limit of its possibilities, just the same as scientific farming studies how to make the greatest profit per acre. Application of a continually improving class of brains to the problems of advertising has developed a style and effectiveness in space filling, in Canada, that is second to none anywhere. The more space filling is studied and worked out by advertising enthusiasts, the more merchants see the possibilities of it, and the more they spend in space and for advertising managers. Merchants are not up to the mark yet in advertising, for many and many a time false economy in space has spoiled a splendid advertising idea which needed room and boldness to make it effective. Advertising managers are not appreciated, in Canada, as they ought to be. Five thousand dollars per year should be the average, and not the exception, for a high class effective man who has ability, application and that earnest enthusiasm in his work,

which means a turn-over of many thousands of extra business for his employer.

To-day newspaper advertising in Canada is good. The fact that ten years ago it was bad, was, to a degree, the fault of the newspapers themselves, for there were very few creative advertising men in the business then. It is true too, that the creative advertising man would have received little encouragement. This may have had a good deal to do with making him a rarity. The old style newspaper advertising men were good space getters, but poor space fillers. They got business but could not guide it after they got it. "Jolly" and a lot of chestnuts about "keeping before the public," thrown in with treats, write-ups, passes, etc., were the general bait and entertainment offered the advertiser who groped vainly in the dark looking for some light on how to make advertising pay. A great deal of the improvement in Canadian advertising has been the result of that human instinct—imitation. The United States has, and is now, producing some of the finest advertising in the world. The mediums in which it appears are hardly out of the postman's hands before these masterpieces are digested and assimilated by the quick advertising writers and managers throughout Canada. They serve as suggestions which are ably followed up. Canada has done its share, of course, in original work, and some of it has received merited comment in some of the American journals. The volume of advertising in Canada has enormously increased in the last few years. It seems to run in epidemics through certain lines of business. It is interesting to watch how for a year or two one line of business will have the advertising fever. Real estate, gold mines, stocks, company promotions, patent medicines, cereal foods, then back to real estate and so on over again. The advertising of staple lines

seems to be steady and normal, and is not subject to the alternate fevers and periods of suspended animation which characterize the epidemical lines of business. Departmental stores must ever be big advertisers. They are big mills and cannot run with the advertising that has passed. Whenever big stores get the "big head" and cut down advertising, the cash book begins to look sick, and they rush back to the newspapers for that good medicine—daily advertising.

Newspapers are the progressive business man's best friend. They are his highway to the public purse, but such "knights of the road" are always welcome, and their profits are always considered a rightful commission on value received.

Good mediums are increasing in number, and they are not slow in being taken up by old and new advertisers. Competition, the master miller of the gods, will grind out a future grist which will be far better than anything in the past. Every progressive man welcomes improvements, though in the crush of better things working to the front, many of to-day's strong ones will be pushed to the wall. The next ten years will see even greater advancement in newspaper advertising.

* * *

THE one important thing for you to remember all the time is not to forget. It's easier for a boss to do a thing himself than to tell some one twice to do it.

* * *

SOME fellows can only see those above them, and others can only see those under them, but a good man can see both ends at once.

* * *

ENTHUSIASM is the best shortening for any job; it makes heavy work light.

"THIS thing's got kind of stiff," gasped my fellow "beater"; but the next minute, with the same sickening "sog," the heavy zinc lid gave way to the burly "hobo's" back and flew open, pushing the outer trap with it, exposing a black, star-spangled sky.

When my fellow-passenger had climbed out and disappeared I thrust my head through the opening and drew in deep breaths of the fresh, clear air. About half an hour elapsed, during which the train was shunted backwards and forwards in the usual apparently aimless fashion to which freight trains are addicted, throwing me hither and thither like a shuttlecock. At last, however, we appeared to be ready, and the engine gave forth a shrill whistle. I was beginning to fear that my fellow-passenger would be too late, when a head appeared over the edge of the car.

The "hobo" was evidently in a hurry, for he ran up the ladder like a cat, and, crouching low, he made a dash for the trap, which I held in readiness.

"Brakesman coming down the line; don't think he saw me," he whispered, hurriedly, and, snatching the trap from my hand, jumped down into the car, letting both trap and lid fall simultaneously into place with unusual violence.

We were soon lost in the solid enjoyment of munching bread and meat and washing it down with the contents of a bottle which my companion produced from somewhere, so we were thoroughly warm and comfortable. The next stop was Crow's Nest Pass, and after that I fell asleep with my grain-sack as a pillow. After a month of life on the prairie, with no roof above you except Nature's and a saddle for a pillow, this is quite possible. I haven't the least idea how long I stayed in this blissful condition; I only know that the first

thing I noticed on waking was that the atmosphere was decidedly stuffy.

"Are you there, pard?" I called into the darkness.

"Waal, I don't know where else I'd be considerin' that this blamed trap's stuck," came the answer.

At first I thought the man was joking. Then I remembered that Westerners never played practical jokes, their time being too much taken up with the chase of the clammy "greenbacks" to allow of such diversions. I crawled to the end of the car, felt for the trap, and then, putting my back against it, pressed with all my strength. It might have been the solid roof for all the impression I could make. I thought a lot of things, but only said, "So it is!" and sat down to think, inwardly determined not to be the first to get excited. My companion vouchsafed no remark.

"Shall we both push together?" I suggested, in what I intended to be a matter-of-fact tone.

"Can't; there isn't room for both our backs in that opening."

"Couldn't we cut our way out through the side?"

"Got a knife?"

"No."

"Neither have I."

"What on earth are we to do?" I burst out, in desperation.

"Wait till the next stop and give ourselves away, I guess," was the cheerful response.

"When is the next stop?"

"Look here, stranger; do you suppose a 'freight' goes by a time-table? How do I know what the next stop will be, or when, for that matter?"

"And supposing at the next stop nobody happens to come along?"

This question was evidently not worth answering, for no reply came. As a matter of fact, I expect my taciturn friend was sick of answering the fusilade of idiotic questions.

My imagination, I suppose, must have increased the stuffiness of the atmosphere, for when I sat down once more to think things over I felt as though I could hardly breathe.

It may not sound a particularly awful position to be in; in fact, compared with some of the extraordinary adventures that befall travellers all the world over, it may be dubbed distinctly tame. But circumstances alter cases. It is one thing to go through peril in the heat of the moment and quite another to sit still in cold blood and wait for it. Besides, there are perils and perils. Suffocation has always been my pet aversion as a means of shuffling off this mortal coil. If I have a nightmare it invariably takes the form of my being buried alive, usually in a trance, when I can neither move hand nor foot, yet am still conscious of all that goes on around me. Here, to all appearances, was my nightmare being fulfilled in actual life under different, though none the less terrifying, circumstances.

Instead of the narrow coffin of my dreams I had the more roomy, though more substantial, chamber of a railway refrigerator. In place of a trance, the full possession of one's faculties, with the full realization of their uselessness. I sat there for what seemed to me hours, till at last, with a feeling that I must do something, I started kicking and pummelling the sides of the cars till my feet and fists were numb. Breathing was now becoming a matter of more and more difficulty every moment.

"It's of no use gettin' scared, stranger," said my calm companion. Of course, I was righteously indignant at this accusation, but, as my expostu-

lations called forth no response, they were rather wasted energy.

We must have sat there in suspense for at least another half-hour, during which time I wonder my hair did not turn white from anxiety. How my companion could sit there, gasping, but otherwise impassive and apparently resigned to his fate, with the knowledge that unless fresh oxygen was forthcoming within at the most two hours we should be struggling desperately for the breath of life, and after the expiration of another hour would have sunk into the unconsciousness from which there is no awakening, surpassed my "tenderfoot" understanding.

I crawled up and down the narrow box, hitting my head first against the roof and then the sides of the car. I pummelled and yelled and made fierce attempts to push open that four inches of zinc that separated us from freedom, but all to no purpose. At last I sank into my original place in the corner with the chill of despair at my heart and beads of perspiration on my forehead.

I had almost resigned myself to death when a shrill whistle announced that the train was approaching a station or siding. I think that must be the first time a train whistle was blessed. Already I began to feel fresh air and freedom at hand, the two things that I have since come to the conclusion are their possessor's greatest blessings.

The first jolt had not shaken the car before we both set to shouting and kicking the sides of our prison.

Jolt! Jolt! Jolt! Bang! Bang! Our voices, amidst the din of the shunting cars, sounded like the squeals of a caged mouse.

Even in the position I was then in I could not help feeling an exultant joy as I noticed that my companion was at last just as excited as myself.

Ultimately the train came to a standstill, and together we raised one frantic shout, accompanied with kicks on the side of the car, which I verily believe would have given way if we had kept kicking long enough.

There was no answer.

We waited in breathless suspense.

Then there came a faint methodical crunch, crunch, on the gravel at the side of the track. Again we shouted.

The crunching came nearer and nearer and finally stopped.

We yelled and beat the car-side afresh.

"Where are you, anyway?" came a gruff voice from outside.

"In here, and very nearly stifled," I yelled. "For Heaven's sake let us out sharp."

"Where's here?"

"In the refrigerator."

A low chuckle, which at the time I remember thinking distinctly out of place, greeted this piece of information, and soon steps could be heard ascending the little iron ladder.

I heard the outer trap opened. That was one inch nearer fresh air, but there were still four inches of zinc between ourselves and freedom.

"You can't open that," shouted my companion; "it's stuck! Open the other."

There are always two traps on the top of a car; but, of course, the second in our case was locked. However, it soon opened to the brakeman's key, the outer lid came up, and after a few seconds' tugging the lid followed suit with the same curious sucking sound as before, as if it were loth to release its captives.

I was about to thrust my head out to get a mouthful of real air when the "hobo" pushed me aside and whispered, hurriedly:—

"Let me work this."

"Kind of cold to-night," he remarked, jovially, to the brakesman. As the perspiration was on my forehead in beads I couldn't quite see the force of this remark.

"Yes, but what—" said the brakesman.

"Have a drink?" said the "hobo," and he held the bottle we had shared on the previous day.

"Thanks; but why—"

The rest of the sentence was stopped by the neck of the bottle and the outflow of its contents.

He was ours! He had, as it were, tasted of our salt.

As for me I retired into the darkness once more, and, divested myself of a boot and sock, and selected a dollar bill which I knew to be on the outside of the bundle. Then, climbing back to the roof, I presented the money to the brakesman.

He looked at it for a moment and then at me.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"Er—er—for you," I stammered.

"Thanks," he said. "I've done some 'beatin' myself in my time," and passed it back.

Which proves that Westerners are enigmas, and that there are brakesmen and brakesmen. We travelled the rest of the way with that trap open!

* * *

AN assistant who becomes his manager's right hand is going to find the left hand helping him; and it's not hard for a clerk to find good points in a boss who finds good ones in him.

* * *

A GOOD many young fellows envy their boss because they think he makes the rules and can do as he pleases. As a matter of fact, he's the only man in the shop who can't.

THERE is nothing very conspicuous or loud in any thing that is truly great. Time and thought alone can discover the greatness in man or the manifestations of nature. Electricity is great, but its presence was not discovered until recently. The well dressed man is not the loudly dressed man. The person of intellect is usually very quiet and unassuming.

Writing is so modest, unassuming and quiet that not one in a thousand appreciates its unlimited usefulness. It is found in all homes; it preserves and conveys thoughts through time and distance. Its immediate connection with all great ideas is manifest and imperative. It is the pivot around which the wheels of progress revolve. Without it, the past would be as blank as the future; without it newspapers, magazines and books would crumble to dust. In the matter of utility and usefulness to mankind, nothing can be compared to it. It surpasses speech itself in two respects, namely, in the preservation and conveyance of ideas through time and space.

Water always seeks its level. So writing too, has a level, a degree of proficiency for all people under all vocations and professions. It is a mistake to follow exceptions as rules. You must make your rules from the common level and not one whit above that or below it. Penmanship is not the proper term for writing, as found in the common mart of the world. The teaching of penmanship indiscriminately is the one common and inexcusable mistake. Instead of creating harmony it creates discord. Lawyers do not like it and are noted for their poor writing. Different conditions produce different results. Put the lawyer into the penman's chair with no legal documents to make out, no law suit on hand and nothing to think of but penmanship, and he will do better writing; put the penman into the

lawyer's office and let him do a little of the thinking of the innocence or guilt of a client whose life is in jeopardy, and he will write worse. The writing of the penman is not suitable to that of the lawyer, and the lawyer's writing is not conformable to the conditions of the penman. The level of writing can easily be raised by proper training, but first of all the conditions must be understood. The standard of exceptional penmen is too high and never can be reached, because it would mean the sacrifice of subject matter and pursuits of life.

Writing is a physical habit, and it can be executed while the mind is focussed on the subject matter instead of the penmanship. Beauty and artistic effects, however, must be left out. Beauty is not a part of common writing; it belongs to the field of fine arts, and it must stay there. The attainable common level of writing is reached when one can write easily, rapidly, gracefully and legibly while thinking of the ideas or subject matter. It must be a sort of second nature to the writer. This degree of proficiency can be reached through proper physical culture. Watch the stenographer, please. His mind must be focussed upon the thoughts and not wholly on the shorthand. He succeeds. He writes as here explained. But let us be fair. Shorthand borrows much from longhand, especially manner of holding pen, movement and primary elements of forms. Slow drawing is not writing. The lawyer or editor was never taught right. He was taught to draw the forms slowly with the finger movement in a sort of mechanical way. In his office, speed becomes imperative, and behold! he loses that drawing method and has nothing except illegible scrawls in its place. A separation of the artistic from the practical and a thorough physical training in movement, imparting a command of the writing muscles, is the only way in which to accomplish a

second-nature style of writing. Individuality is also of great importance. Here are the elements of good serviceable writing: Grace, ease, speed, legibility, permanency and individuality.

* * *

MR. W. A. Griffith, Secretary in the Canadian High Commissioner's office, London, England, has the following to say of the products of Canada most in demand in the Mother Land:

Dear Sir—I duly received your letter of the 8th ultimo, and have pleasure in complying with your request that I should write a few lines in regard to the opening in the United Kingdom for Canadian products and manufactures of various kinds.

In the first place, it may be asserted that there is on this side a strong feeling, not only in business circles but among actual consumers, that Colonial goods should be preferred to those from foreign sources, all things being equal, especially so far as quality is concerned. No effort, therefore, should be spared by exporters in the Dominion to take hold of the opportunities that offer, and to maintain the credit so many classes of Canadian produce have already attained in these markets.

The cheese trade, which has been so carefully fostered by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, is now established on so firm a basis, and the article is so well and favorably known in Great Britain, that little remains to be said beyond the necessity of improving the boxing.

Canadian butter has made excellent headway in recent years, but much has still to be done to enable it to compete successfully in price with high class article from France, Denmark, Sweden and Australasia, while Siberian butter is rapidly coming to the fore as a strong competitor, both as regards price and quality.

There is little or nothing to suggest as regards the Canadian bacon trade, which has made such gigantic strides in a comparatively few years, as those engaged in it are fully aware of the requirements of the market, and have succeeded most admirably in supplying a quality that meets the taste of the fastidious English consumer.

There is an excellent opening for a large increase in the supply of eggs and poultry, the demand for the latter being very heavy, with a fair profit to the shipper who takes the trouble to export the quality of birds required, which has been fully explained in the bulletins issued from time to time by the Commissioner of Agriculture at Ottawa.

Enquiry has lately been made respecting pure lard, the quality being that known as "Pure Lard." This product is pure hog fat, which is deprived of the hoggy flavor by a double refining process.

Another important branch of trade is that in canned goods of all kinds, and we are being repeatedly asked by people in the trade to place them in touch with Canadian shippers who can guarantee regular supplies of canned fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, condensed milk, &c. There are, moreover, a number of canned and prepared foods which are extensively used in the Dominion, and to which the British consumer is not accustomed, but which, if packed in sufficiently attractive form and capably introduced, would soon become highly popular. One particular variety of breakfast food manufactured in Canada is apparently being taken up with some favor just at present.

Attention should be paid by Canadian fruit growers to the profitable market existing here for other fruits than green apples, in which so satisfactory a business has been done in the past.

The lumber trade with the United Kingdom is another well established business that is carefully watched by branch houses on this side, or by agents with a thorough knowledge of the market's needs. In this connection, it may be pointed out that there is an increasing demand for furniture (in the knock-down condition) and small wood ware, such as dowels, box-shooks of various kinds, tool and broom handles, &c., &c. Quite a fair business has been done of late in Canadian furniture and office fittings, and a brave show was made in the form of an exhibit at the recent Motor Car Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. Canadian-made roll-top desks have become very well known too, and might be still more actively pushed.

Several of the large manufacturers of agricultural implements in Canada have now permanent agents in London to represent them, and watch their interests, both here and on the continent, and this branch of trade will no doubt continue to develop as the wearing qualities of the Canadian machine becomes better known. Windmills may also be expected to be called for if the Canadian maker can compete in price with local manufacturers.

Canadian made shoes have been successfully placed on the London market, and have been highly spoken of in many quarters, while the low price at which they have been sold has occasioned remark. This again is a line of business that has an excellent future before it, but every care should be taken to prevent possible loss by strict and regular attention to the fashions in vogue, and the quality of footwear most in demand at different seasons.

There are many other branches of trade which can be easily and profitably developed to the great advantage of the Canadian

producer and shipper, and the English consumer, but I fear that space will not permit of my enlarging upon these at present. Besides, these are fully dealt with in the report which the High Commissioner is making to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, which will no doubt shortly be in print, and there is perhaps hardly need for me to dilate upon them at this juncture. I would, therefore, conclude these few rough notes by directing attention to the valuable facilities that the office of the High Commissioner in London offers to Canadian business men seeking to open up business relations with the United Kingdom, whose communications always receive careful attention, and to express the hope that, as the resources of our great Dominion are more and more fully developed the commercial ties with the Mother Country may be materially strengthened.

* * *

WHEN will these parodies on the "Uneeda" order, cease. The latest we've noticed is "Satisfu." What next?

Printers' Ink, so long the enemy of the systems of "Advertising Instruction by Mail" schools, proves its sincerity of opinion by accepting their advertisements. One would think that under the circumstances this would be considered "objectionable" advertising, but perhaps the Little Schoolmaster doesn't mind having his pupils "roped in" (?) by these schools.

Truly, narrow are the views of those who like to think they're the whole thing. It has been a case of "No other school is any good—come to mine" right along.

The fault with these ad-schools has not been the lack of merit and value in their courses of lessons, so much as the "misleading" statements in some of their own advertisements.

Why, if you happen to mention that you're in the advertising business, nowadays, you run the chance of being put down as an incompetent or second-rater, if you don't display evidence of a \$10,000 a year job.

The ad-schools can teach a good many of us some things—and we're just as likely as not to get our money's worth.

Did you ever run up against the "write-up" grafter?

Rather foolish question to ask, for who hasn't? Indeed, few there are who haven't bitten, once or oftener.

An agreeable, smooth talker floats into your office with the 'con'—"Good-day, Mr. So-and-So, I represent the Magnet Magazine. Our Editor has sent me to interview you, and secure a few of the more interesting facts about your business, recognizing the prominent position you occupy in the business world, and we would also like to secure a picture of your building, and of yourself, to go along with it."

Toronto
Topics

W. Arthur
Lydiatt

Of course you like to see your name in print—who doesn't?—and you realize it will advertise your business to the extent of the circulation the paper enjoys.

So you talk about yourself and your business to him—only the favorable points, of course. So far, it is all right. Interviews of the right kind make the most interesting of reading.

"I suppose you will want to secure a few hundred copies of the number containing this interview, to send to your friends and customers. If so, we would like to know in advance so that we may print the extra quantity desired. You can have them at the regular price—10c. a copy, or \$50 for 500. Of course we make no charge for the write-up—understand that—but we shall be glad to supply you with as many copies as you may wish. Shall I put you down for, say 500?"

And you haven't the nerve to refuse. You certainly must show some acknowledgement of the favor.

If you don't bite, chances are against the write-up ever appearing—"Crowded out" they may say. If it does appear, you may be sure they'll be after you for an advertisement at some future time.

The publication that stoops to that kind of thing doesn't amount to much, you can be sure of that.

Luckily we haven't as many of them in Canada, proportionately, as they have on the other side.

Trade papers, and Special Editions, are the chief offenders, and Canadian business men have a lot of trade papers of which they may well be proud. Most of them are trade "news" papers in every sense of the word, and not mere advertising (?) mediums.

The Desbarats Advertising Agency, of Montreal, have in preparation a Directory of Canadian Newspapers and Manufacturers, to be issued shortly. It ought to fill a "long-felt want."

The Blue Ribbon and Salada Teas altercation of a few months ago, has unfortunately been dropped. A comparison of sales should have proved very interesting.

The Salada people advertised that the "increase" in the Canadian sales of 1903 over 1902 was greater than the "total sales" of all other importers of Ceylon Teas combined.

The Blue Ribbon concern took up the "bluff", and offered to prove differently, claiming that their total sales in Canada for 1903 were greater than Salada's "total" sales in Canada for the same year.

Bets were made, and a committee of investigation supposed to be appointed—the money was "put up" by the Blue Ribbon folks, but for some reason or other the matter was suddenly dropped without explanation.

Reminds one of newspaper circulation controversies.

Both the Blue Ribbon and Salada concerns are big advertisers in Canada—the former being especially strong in the big and growing Northwest.

R. J. Score & Son, Tailors and Haberdashers, Toronto, have issued a spring booklet that will compare very favorably with the more pretentious of those sent out by the larger clothiers in the States. The fashion plates are a distinct advance over anything else we have seen in Canada. One of them is shown in this month's IMPRESSIONS.

The Dunlop Tire Co. are offering in their newspaper advertisements, a prize of \$10 for the best and cleverest answer, written on a postal card, to the question: "Why are Dunlop Detachable Bicycle Tires like the Japanese?"

A great many answers are being received, some of which are very interesting, and as one advertisement says "it is a question whether Dunlop Tires or the Japanese are best appreciated."

Here are a few of them:

"They are mentioned in all the papers."

"It is very hard to find their equals."

"There are thousands in service."

"One loads the bear and the other bears the load."

"They are silent in movement and admirable to go (Admirable Togo)."

"Rush on a tack (Russian attack) damage soon repaired."

The Canadian Bank of Commerce is circulating a handsome desk calendar to advertise its Savings Department. This bank is also using its newspaper space to good advantage.

WANTED—100 young men and women—neat appearance; fair education; to remain in charge exhibits, World's Fair, St. Louis; seven months; salary \$35 monthly and board; fare advanced; five dollars deposit required as guarantee of good faith; half returned by remaining; send money, express order or registered letter; if more applicants than vacancies money returned. WM. ARMSTRONG, Box 848, Peterborough, Ontario.

What newspaper man could read the above advertisement and not recognize a fake?

Yet this advertisement was given several insertions in a number of Ontario papers, until the advertiser was taken in hand by the detectives. It is said that nearly 50 applicants sent the required \$5.00, and it might have been a good idea to let them be taken in, for anyone who would bite on a hook like that needs the \$5.00 worth of education this sharper would give him.

But that doesn't excuse the newspapers in which the advertisement appeared. Surely some sort of censorship should be exercised, that would prevent such advertisements getting into print.

It is such things that strengthen the impression that some papers will take any kind of an advertisement as long as it's paid for.

One is excused the degree of satisfaction that comes when such newspapers are themselves "bitten."

A prominent manufacturer recently said "I think there is no influence that has been and is stronger in extending Canadian trade in foreign countries, than the consistent efforts of the MacLean Trade Newspapers in that direction. Someone ventured the remark that the special numbers of Hardware and Metal, The Grocer and Dry Goods Review, rather flattered the industrial interests of Canada, but this is hardly possible. They, however, certainly prove a strong factor in enlightening foreigners as to the possibilities and actualities of Canadian trade."

The special spring number of Hardware and Metal for 1904 appeared last month, and while in some respects not up to former "specials" the volume of advertising carried was certainly thoroughly representative, and the edition, as a whole, a credit to its publishers and to the Canadian press and manufacturers in general. It is a book of 212 pages, about 129 of which were advertisements.

James Stuart, until recently in charge of the advertising department of The Canadian Grocer, now represents The Commercial, of Winnipeg, in Toronto. He has taken an office at 34 Victoria Street, and seems to have a good proposition for advertisers who seek trade in the Great West.

It is rumored that the publishers of The Dry Goods Record and The Hardware Dealer—started only last fall—have already realized most of the difficulties of launching a trade paper and "getting it going." They have been turning out rather creditable publications, and have given quite a stimulus to trade paper advertising.

The prime mover in the concern, D. Burnside, is said to be leaving to represent the Winnipeg Commercial in Montreal and vicinity. The Record and Hardware Dealer must surely feel his loss.

The International Correspondence Schools have an "ad-club" in Toronto, the membership of which consists of those who are taking up their course in advertising in this city. The club meets twice a week in the School's offices in the Temple Building, to discuss the problems brought out by the course as well as current advertising topics.

Cleverness minus egotism equals success.
BUSINESS
ALGEBRA. Business minus advertising equals retrogression.

Given a good article, multiply it by manufacture, add advertising, multiplied by continuity, minus reckless expenditure, and the result is profit—yea, even wealth.

Returns divided by mediums indicates the profitableness of each
Add P to luck and you have it.

Merit plus push equals sales.

Advertising minus the expert, often equals failure.

A good proposition plus a little money, minus the "nerve" to invest it in good advertising equals a stick-in-the-mud.

A medium minus circulation multiplied by misrepresentation, equals fraud.

The results of one insertion minus the cost is often minus profit—but when multiplied by subsequent insertions usually equals sales which equals progress plus profit.

The Toronto Star has contracted for a period of five years for the space over the handles on the doors of the street cars of Toronto, at a cost, it is said, of several thousand dollars.

The Star has had this space for some years, occupying it with a neat celluloid sign advertising its want advertisements.

The citizens of Toronto are being offered a Columbia graphophone free with orders for a year's subscription to the News. The instrument is the same as is regularly sold by the graphophone people at \$9.00, and the only condition attached to the offer is that the subscriber pay \$1.00 for one record, and the packing of the machine, and agree to purchase at least 20 records during the year, at a cost of 35 cents each.

The scheme is taking well—adding many subscribers to the already large city circulation of the News. Solicitors are making a complete canvass of the city, since the first announcement was made a couple of weeks ago.

The latest statement of the News, published every night on the title page, shows a circulation of over 31,000 copies daily.

Mr. Peter Rutherford has severed his connection with the Adams Furniture Co., for whom he has been doing very clever work as advertising manager, and will give the time which this work has taken up, to the interests of other clients, working independently.

It is said that Fairweathers will place their advertising interests in his charge, in which case we may look for some bright newspaper advertising over the Fairweather name-plate.

Mr. Rutherford has prepared all the Adams advertising for some time past, and is responsible for the "Sweetheart and Swain" car cards, which attracted some attention last summer. The newspaper advertising of the Adams people has been very prominent during the past season, and in Mr. Rutherford's hands has been exceptionally well handled.

The opening of The J. F. Brown Co.'s new 8-story furniture and housefurnishings palace on Yonge Street, Toronto, was attended by a number of striking newspaper advertisements prepared by their advertising manager, Mr. Arthur P. Travers. Large space was used, the reading matter being attractively arranged in full-size illustrations. Someone remarked that they were the most effective advertisements that had appeared in the Toronto dailies in many a long day. At any rate, they were successful in drawing immense crowds to the store, and these must have been most favorably impressed with the magnificent show rooms, and the extensive displays.

Mr. Travers is one of Toronto's cleverest ad-men, and is responsible also for the convincing, well-displayed advertisements of the Philip Jamieson's Rounded Corner Store.

The showing of the newspapers as regards the quantity of display advertising has not been anything like as good during the past few months, as for the same period last year. It is hard to explain this, unless we are to consider last year as an exceptional one. And yet it may be due to the severe weather, which has partially tied up business for a time. The lateness of the Spring buying season no doubt accounts for the "lack of enterprise" (?) on the part of the local merchants.

The News was rather crowded in one issue, but this was explained by an announcement that they had been caught short of paper, and were therefore unable to publish as large an issue as their excess of advertising demanded.

All of the evening dailies show steady increases in circulation, and their regular statements show them all about equal in this respect, hovering around the 30,000 mark.

In connection with the failure of the Pettingill Advertising Agency, of Boston, Canadian newspapers will be glad to learn that the Lydia Pinkham Co. business, which was one of their chief accounts, is handled independently by A. McKim & Co. for Canada, and will be continued as usual.

Mr. Charles F. Raymond, whose name is familiar to many as the writer of those clever little preachments which have appeared for some time past on the editorial page of the Toronto Star, has purchased a paper in Oakville, and left this month to take up his work there.

A recent advertisement of the Toronto PIANO piano firm of Gourlay, Winter & Leeming ADVERTISING hits some of the leading piano advertisers rather hard, and is likely to do them some harm in casting suspicion upon the genuineness of their claims.

The write-up style of advertising pianos is much in vogue in Toronto, lengthy notices usually following every concert of any consequence; these calling attention to the fact that such-and-such a piano was used, and implying the general recognition of its "beautiful tone qualities, etc."

The recommendations of visiting artists are also used quite frequently.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman "gives the game away" in the advertisement referred to, which is reproduced herewith as being worthy of general attention.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman calls attention to the occasion to emphasize the fact that his piano was not used at the Massey Hall Nordica Concert, even though he received an intimation some considerable time ago that the use of his piano could be arranged for that concert, if he cared to provide one hundred dollars for the privilege.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman believes there may be some readers of the public press who are not aware that in recent years the use of pianos at great musical functions in Toronto has in almost every instance been a matter of monetary or some other equally valuable consideration, not directly to the artist, but to the manager, impresario, or some agent of the artist, hall or musical organization.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman states that the use of his piano at Montreal was without charge to himself or agent, though he is free to admit that the use of a piano by such artists as Mme. Nordica and Mr. Simmons is reasonably good advertising, even if paid for.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman believes that it is in the interest of the public and for the good of the trade that it be made known that almost all such public use of pianos is paid for in cash or its equivalent.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman believes that, having this knowledge many will observe the skill with which this class of advertising is followed, note its mythical inferences and deductions, and wonder if a really good piano requires such methods to create a demand or increase its sale.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman submits the foregoing with a suggestion that buyers should judge any and every piano by its merit and its record, not by purchased appearance at public functions, and mythical inferences regarding the same.

A piano is certainly honored in being accorded a place on the platform with such a superb musical organization as the Mendelssohn Choir, even though it be only used for accompanying an occasional solo number, yet as, in the opinion of its conductor and members, there are many pianos made in Canada worthy of being so honored, it will be well to bear in mind that the honor has latterly been secured in return for a valuable consideration.

It is a question whether or not such an advertisement does not lessen the effectiveness of piano advertising in general, in discrediting, as it does, the genuineness and sincerity of testimonials.

Testimonials provide one of the strongest arguments for piano advertisers, and to question their value in this way may perhaps re-act indirectly on the advertiser himself.